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Republican Congressional District Convention.

FIRST DISTRICT.
A Republican Convention of the First Congressional District of the State of Wisconsin, composed of the counties of Kenosha, Racine, Walworth, Rock and Jefferson, is hereby called to meet at the village of Geneva, in Walworth county, on the 10th day of August, 1882, at 12 o'clock noon of that day, to nominate a candidate for Congress for the District at the next ensuing two years. Each Senate and Assembly District will be entitled to two delegates in the convention.

JOHN R. BENNETT,
D. B. BARNES,
E. J. ENOS,
T. G. FISH,
H. S. THORP,
Committee.
Dated July 12th, 1882.

Ex-United States Senator B. K. Bruce, of Mississippi, now Register of the Treasury, is one of the most accomplished colored men in this country. He used to hold Mr. Conkling in high esteem, and when his first son was born a few years ago and the father was in the Senate, he named him after the New York Senator. The other day Mr. Bruce gave a dinner in Washington to the colored members of the press association, and introducing his youthful son Mr. Bruce said: "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Kosce Conkling Bruce. He will not resign under any circumstances."

Whatever Americans lack in navy facilities, they make up in cheek and boldness. To have seen Fulton's first experiment on the Hudson side up to a monitor of to-day and show fight, would not have been more ridiculous or humorous, than the notice of Admiral Nicholson, in charge of the United States naval squadron in Alexandria harbor, to the Egyptians. Nicholson is credited with telling the belligerents that if they shot at him he would fire back. This is in the highest degree amusing especially when it remembers that the squadron under charge of Admiral Nicholson consists of three old men-of-war, made of wood, and lightly mounted. A good shot from one of the forts would have blown the American navy out of water. But Nicholson was determined to maintain a bold front whether he had ships, men, or guns, to back him or not.

There is almost a positive assurance that the Republicans of Pennsylvania will settle their differences in time to call another State convention, and probably get a new ticket in the field in time for a thorough canvass. The "Regular" Republican State Central Committee met in Philadelphia on Wednesday, and was largely attended. The candidates gladly placed themselves in the hands of the State committee, and would abide by any action which the committee thought would be best for the party. The Regular Republicans seemed inclined to meet the bolters more than half-way in making a settlement and the following propositions were prepared for submission to the Independent, and any one of which the Regulars would accept:

1. That both tickets be submitted to a popular vote of the Republican party at the primaries.
2. That the Republican party at the primaries select their ticket by popular vote, the primaries to be open for the candidature of any Republican whatsoever whether on either of the present tickets or not.
3. That a new convention under rules adopted by the Continental Hotel conference of State-wide and Independent be held on the fourth Wednesday in August, the rules to govern said convention to be prepared by ex-Chief Justice Agnew, Hamilton L. Carson and Francis B. Reeve.

That a new convention be held under the rules adopted by the Republican convention of the 10th of May last, said convention not to be later than the fourth Wednesday in August.

The Independents could not ask anything more fair than these propositions, and if they reject them it will prove that they are without political honor and do not wish the success of the Republican party in Pennsylvania. But there is so much justice and fairness in these propositions that the Independents, for political decency sake, will hardly dare to ignore them.

Madeline Stiles, alias Teresa Sturgia, alias Italian Edie, has been held without bail to appear before the grand jury of Cook county on the charge of murdering Charles Stiles, the particulars of the crime having already been published in the Gazette. It is to be hoped that for the sake of simple justice and common decency, that Madeline Stiles will be fairly tried and justly punished. His was a cold-blooded murder, premeditated and entirely unjustifiable. That he begged her money, quarreled with her, and allowed her to walk home from Downing's through the rain on Sunday night, were not sufficient causes to warrant her to shoot him down like a dog. But it was one of those tragedies that are quite common now, and we begin to look upon their frequent occurrence almost as a matter of course. When a young man with the temperaments of Charles Stiles, with his fast living, large salary, generous nature, passion for forbidden pleasures, and his many brilliant parts, leads the life he chose to lead, he must expect that righteously judgment will not be slow in overtaking him. He was born lucky, so far as winning the flattery of women and making money are concerned; but every step he took brought him closer and closer to Madeline Stiles' pistol, and it is not strange that its contents laid him a victim at her feet.

She was as much to blame as he. The path of sin was one of her own choice. She was a fit companion for him who cared nothing for home, its influence or its sanctity. By profession she was a prostitute, and if he quarreled with her or abandoned her leaving her to her own

distress, it was nothing more than the natural fruits of such companionship. Of her own free will and accord, she debased her own life, and now that she murdered her victim, let her be punished as any other cold-blooded murderer ought to be punished, and, in the meantime, let no one insult justice or mock virtue, by attempting to throw over Charles Stiles that much-abused garment, "the mantle of charity."

FALL OF ALEXANDRIA.

The Egyptians Evacuate the Fortifications this Morning.

The City is Fired by the Escaped Convicts and Excited People.

A General Massacre of Christians and Europeans is Going on.

And the City is Being Pillaged by the Crazy Mob.

Some of the Inhabitants were Saved by Taking Refuge Near the Neutral Fleet.

A Portion of the British Fleet Sail for Port Said.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.

THE DOWNFALL.

Special to the Gazette.
ALEXANDRIA, July 13, 8:40 a. m.—The city has been evacuated, and is in flames. The Telegraph ship the Chilton, was ordered to a position near the neutral fleet. At 9:25 Admiral Seymour confirmed the report of the evacuation of the city. The entire garrison withdrew under a flag of truce, leaving the Bedouins to pillage and fire the town.

10 a. m.—The Egyptian army is demoralized, and in full retreat toward the interior. The European quarters and Exchange are utterly destroyed. The city was fired by the convicts, who committed horrible atrocities. The Chilton is now crowded with the survivors who escaped to the beach and were saved by the boats from the fleet. They passed a dreadful night defending themselves. The whereabouts of the Khedive is unknown. Hundreds of Europeans and Christians were massacred. The whole of Grand Square is burned. The troops and civil population have all withdrawn. It is reported that Arabi Pasha has concentrated his forces beyond the city. The landing of troops is now necessary, to oppose them and save burning the town. Part of the fleet leaving for Port Said.

LATER.
ALEXANDRIA, July 13.—The Chilton Telegraph ship has moved into the harbor. The fire in the city is increasing. It is reported that Arabi Pasha is marching on Cairo. There will be a landing of troops, this afternoon, to save the city. The Bedouins are leaving by thousands. The Decoy has gone to Port Said, to ascertain the state of affairs.

Golden's Liebig's Liquid Beef and Tonic is a valuable remedy for females in delicate health. Golden's, no other. Of druggists.

HEADACHE—Particularly, is removed and permanently cured with Zovras. Try a 10 cent sample. It regulates the Stomach and Liver. Sold by Prentice & Eveson.

A TEXAS HORROR.

Terrible Accident at Texarkana by the Collapse of a Lightning-Silven Dwelling.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 12.—A special to the Gazette, from Texarkana, says: Lightning struck Ohio's new three-story brick dwelling to-night.

The walls fell on the Paragon saloon, crushing it to atoms.

About thirty lives were lost.

Some of the bodies have already been taken out, and workmen are engaged in searching for others.

A fire has broken out under the ruins. LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 12.—The Gazette's special from Texarkana has the following: About 6:30 p. m. the storm broke with heavy rain and lightning. About 7 p. m. Ohio's new building, a large three-story brick, almost completed, was struck by lightning, and fell in a mass on top of a frame building known as the Paragon saloon, burying everything beneath the ruins. It was raining in torrents at the time and kept on showers until about 10 o'clock at night. The lamps in the Paragon saloon set fire to the ruins from underneath, and burned slowly upwards every man and water bucket in town was brought into use, and water was thrown on the fire, but it finally broke out beyond control and burned two frame buildings next to the Paragon, and now at mid-night is burning inside the ruins. There have been two persons taken out, and it is impossible to give the exact number buried in the ruins; a report says between twenty and thirty. Two or three different parties who came out of the Paragon only a few moments before the accident there was at least thirty men in the building. The names of some

known to be in the ruins are Mayfield, Russell, and Colonel Meyer Harper. Terrible excitement prevails. Men, women, and children looking anxiously for some relative or friend whom they cannot find in the immense crowd and afraid they are killed.

The loss to property is estimated at about fifteen or twenty thousand, and the loss of life cannot be estimated, but will reach twenty persons.

LATER.—12:30 o'clock a. m.—The remains of Mayfield, one of the proprietors, have been taken out. The man and boy who attended the inner-counter have been taken out dead. The fire is now supposed to be under control. Three have been taken out who are still living.

THE IRON MEN.

PRESBURG, July 12.—There was a meeting of the iron and nail manufacturers of the West here to-day. The attendance was large, representatives being present from all points, excepting St. Louis and Cincinnati. The nail manufacturers met first, and after a brief discussion, it was decided not to interfere with the card rate, and to leave matters just as they were until the next meeting in October. The newly-formed iron association then marshaled its members for the first time since its organization, six weeks ago. The meeting was taken up with discussing the situation, during which it was found that none who had signed the constitution of the new association had signed the card, and that the members were as firm as ever in their determination to resist the demands of the strikers.

The situation has not changed for several days. Porter & Co., of this city, signed the scale to-day, but, as they do no puddling, their signing has significance, and will in no wise affect the manufacturers' scale.

GONE TO THE GRAVE.

DIXON, Ill., July 12.—A vast concourse of our citizens, some in carriages and some on foot, assembled at the depot last evening to receive and escort the remains of Charles Stiles, whose sad end has filled all hearts with regret, to the sad home of his mother. To-day the funeral services were held in the Methodist Episcopal church, of which his mother is a consistent and honored member, the Rev. E. C. Stiles, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiating in the absence of the regular pastor. From the same church about a year ago his father, the Hon. E. B. Stiles, was conveyed to his long home. The mother of the deceased has the most sincere and heartfelt sympathy of our entire city in this hour of her almost crushing grief. Nothing has ever occurred to stirle our community as this, for Charles Stiles in youth was one of the smartest and most promising of her sons.

THE STILES' MURDER.

CHICAGO, July 11.—The inquest over the remains of Charles Stiles, the caller of the Board of Trade, who was shot by his inamorata at the Palmer House on Monday morning, failed to add materially to the details of the tragic event. The murderess, Teresa Sturgia, alias "Madeline Stiles" and "Italian Edie" was accompanied by Mr. A. S. Trade as her attorney, and at his suggestion refused to make a statement. What Clerk Livingston, of the Palmer House, reached the room in which the shooting took place, the woman was bending over the corpse. She raised the sheet and kissed the deceased. On the way down to the first floor the prisoner said, "He had no business to try to put me out of the room." The police officer testified that the woman admitted that she had shot Stiles, and that her throat bore marks of choking in confirmation of her statement that Stiles had resorted to violence. The inquest ended in verdict that the prisoner should be held for the Grand Jury. The remains of the deceased were shipped to Dixon, Ill., on the 3:15 train, consigned to Mrs. Caroline Stiles.

A peculiar feature of the affair is that a thick-set man with a heavy mustache wearing a straw hat and a sack coat, assisted the prisoner in purchasing the revolver at a pawnshop on State street, and that when Miss Sturgia remarked that she had never fired a revolver in her life, he replied that he would show her how it worked. The police have discovered quite a number of letters which had passed between the prisoner, but nothing in any one of them indicates deadly hatred or vindictiveness. In one of the Stiles' letters he warns her in case she indulged in intoxication he would pound her black and blue, and in another he sends her "200 kisses," and begs her to save him from going to pawn by sending him \$50. The prisoner's letter indicates a desire to sunder relations with him as early as possible and at any cost. That the couple were very unfriendly at times appears in a note by Stiles asking pardon for "past transgressions" and "unmanly words." The tragedy has given rise to considerable gossip and the blame is about evenly divided, many of the friends of the murdered man never having entertained a suspicion that he was not all he appeared to be.

The woman was held to appear before the Grand Jury on a charge of murder.

FIRES.

MILWAUKEE, July 12.—An Ogema, Wis., dispatch says the mill and lumber yards owned by B. M. Holmes, and several dwellings, burned to-day. The total loss is estimated at \$150,000; insurance on the mill and lumber \$90,000. The sparks are believed to have been the cause of the blaze.

WATERBURY, Conn., July 12.—The Crystal Knife Works at Millville, Nagsuck, burned to-day. Loss \$40,000; insurance \$18,000.

DIDN'T LIKE THE LAW.

DENVER, Iowa, July 12.—John Graman, a saloon-keeper of Monticello was so affected over the passage of the prohibitory amendment that after quarreling with his wife he left home and wandered off to Council Bluffs, where he met his death by being run over by the cars, supposed intentionally. His wife left this morning to claim his remains.

A JANESVILLIAN ABROAD.

Might Seeing in Europe—Visions of Italian Banditti—The Pictures at Home and Florence, the Fire at Vesuvius, and the Fleets and Smells at Naples—Some Interesting Experiences.

To the Editor.

CHAMONIX, June 21.—I write you from Chamoni, a village in the beautiful valley of the Pennine Alps, within sight of Mont Blanc, which to tourists presents many attractions and conveniences. I can only mention some of the things that have impressed us most, and prominent among these is our ascent to Vesuvius. We left the hotel in Naples at 9:30 p. m., in carriage, and rode for five hours, making a gradual ascent of the mountain, until we reached the steepest part, where begins the railway. On our way up, we were surrounded by men and boys, some of whom sang Neapolitan songs; others gathered flowers and fruits, and pointed out objects of interest along the road, all of which was done, not unselfishly, but with the expectation of ample remuneration. I have no doubt they thought they were doing us a great kindness, but visions of

ITALIAN BANDITTI
rose unpleasantly in my mind, and I was glad when we left the carriages, for I thought we would have no more trouble in that direction, but my spirits fell when I discovered the railway deposited us quite a distance from the top, and we were once more besieged by the same men to carry us, pull us, or push us, through the loose pumice stone and ashes to the summit. Their services here would have been very acceptable, but their prices were exorbitant. One, in particular, was very persistent that he should see me safely to the top; and to prove to you how solicitous he was for my welfare, I have only to record that he finally offered to do it for the remains of a cigar which Charlie was smoking, instead of the five francs (\$1.00) he demanded at first. But I refused all his offers, and in time found myself on the very

EDGE OF THE CRATER.
Here we looked down into the fire and the burning stones and cinders fell all around us. The top of the mountain is yellow with sulphur, the fumes from which are so strong and sickening we could not breathe, except through a handkerchief. Our descent was made much more rapidly than the ascent and we reached the hotel at 3:30 a. m., tired and dusty, but delighted with our night's trip. Our entire visit in Naples was very enjoyable, as there are many places of interest, among which are Pompei, Sorrento, and the island of Capri with its blue grotto. The city itself is one to which "distance lends enchantment." It is beautifully situated in the form of a semi-circle around the bay, and presents an entrancing picture from the bay, especially in the evening, when it is brilliantly lighted. There are more children to the square yard in Naples than any place I know of, and the people seem to have no idea of cleanliness. I saw one woman lead her donkey in at the front door, and as it was late in the evening, and their house consisted of only one room. I have no doubt they occupied the same apartment during the night. Oh! Naples is full of strange sights, but stranger smells!

AND AS TO THE FIRES,
I must leave that subject to your imagination—tongue and pen fail me.

Florence and Milan are more like American cities than any others in Italy, and we felt quite at home in them. In Florence the principal objects of interest are the Uffizi Gallery and Pitti Palace. These are situated on the opposite sides of the Arno, but are connected by a long covered bridge, and so form one large gallery of paintings and statuary. I like this collection the best of any I have seen. In the Vatican, at Rome, are a few paintings more noted, but to me there was not so much of general interest. We feel that we are becoming quite conversant with art, and talk about Michael Angelo, Raphael, Murillo, Carlo Dolce, and others, as though they were old-time friends; and since the ruins of ancient Rome were so thoroughly explained to us by Shakespeare Wood, the eminent archaeologist, we speak of basilicas and forums with a degree of familiarity that is fairly startling. But now

ART IS LEFT BEHIND,
and we have but to admire the grand and beautiful in nature. One day we rode in diligences over the Simplicon Pass from Street to Bridge. It is an elegant road built by Napoleon the First, 90 miles in length, and would put to shame any Chicago boulevard. We were fifteen hours in making the trip, and the dust was terrible, but we forgot all our discomforts, in admiration of the scenery. Then, too, we had such a fine opportunity to study peasant life. I think it was a most enjoyable very poor health—at any rate, the women are the ones that do the work, both at home and in the field, and no labor is too hard for them. In the valleys all along the road they were making hay, and the weaker sex, from the little child to the old woman, were engaged in cutting the grass, spreading it to dry, or racking it into immense baskets and carrying it home on their backs, sometimes fairly staggering under the weight. The men, meantime, looked on, smoked their pipes and

BOSSED THE JOB.
The first part of the way we passed immense granite quarries. There is so much of this material that they hardly know how to dispose of it, and for fifteen miles or so, the telegraph poles were solid granite columns 20 feet high. The highest elevation we reached was 6,300 feet above the sea. Near here is a Hospice, branch of the one on St. Bernard, and having some of the famous dogs. Our descent was rapid and the scenery grand beyond description. The road is wide enough for two teams to pass easily, but sometimes we were so near the edge of frightful precipices, with nothing but an occasional stone or a guard, that it seemed in going round a curve the lumbering old coaches would go over. But the drivers manifested no fear and urged the horses on to greater speed. Yesterday we came over from Vernayaz to Chamoni. This pass is very poorly kept

being so rocky that at the steepest hills we had to get out and walk as the horses could do no more than draw the wagon. The most of us rode in two wheeled dog carts, and we presented a very ludicrous appearance, I can assure you. As we passed through the villages, the inhabitants flocked to the windows and side-walks. Children chased older people looked on in amazement, and I suppose it was as interesting a sight to them as a circus procession is to a Wisconsin community. We came sailing into Chamoni in style and are now nicely quartered at the Hotel d'Angletera at the very foot of Mont Blanc. Today is a very hot, but within eight and easy walking distance is perpetual snow and ice. To-morrow we expect to go to the Mer de Glace, and other points of interest near, and Tuesday drive fifty miles to Geneva. We are both unusually well, and while there is considerable hard work connected with the trip, we feel that we are amply repaid for every exertion.

Very truly,
MINNIE S. CONRAD.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Janesville, Wisconsin

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